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 By a meere Barber, and no Magicke els:
 It was fetcht off with water and a Ball,
 And to our transformation this is all,
 Save what the Master *Fashioner* calls his,
 For to Gypsies *Metamorphosis*;
 Who doth disguise his habit, and his face,
 And takes on a false person by his place:
 The power of Poetry can never faile her,
 Assisted by a Barber, and a Tayler.

FINIS.

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EPIGRAMS

TO

Severall Noble
Personages in this
Kingdome.

The Author *Ben: Ions*.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. Okes*, for
J. Benson, and are to bee
sold at his shop in *St. Dun-*
stons Church-yard in *Fleet-*
street. 1640.

EPICRAMS

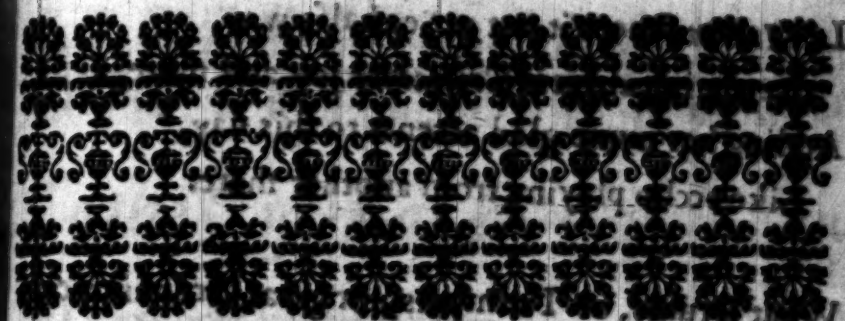
TO
Several Noble
Personages in this
Kingdom.

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EPIGRAMS

TO

Severall Noble Personages
in this Kingdome.

Upon King CHARLES
his Birth-day.

His is King Charles his birth day, speake it
the Tower
Unto the ships, & they from Tire to Tires
Discharging 'bout the Island in an houre,
As loud as thunder, and as swift as fire.

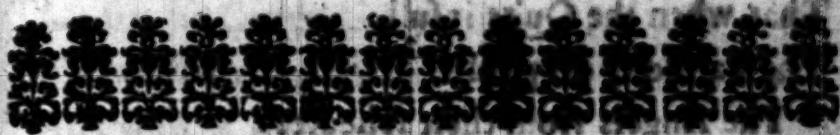
Let *Ireland* meet it out at Sea halfe way,
 Reporting al great *Brittaines* joy and more,
 Adding her owne glad accents to this day,
 Like eccho playing from another shore.

What Drums, or Trumpets, or great Ordnance can,
 The Poetry of Steeples with the Bells.
 Three Kingdomes mirth in light and ayery man,
 Made loftier by the winds all noyses els.

At Bone-fires, Squibs, and mirth, with all their
 shouts,
 That crie the gladnesse which their hearts would
 pray,

If they had leasure, at these lawfull routs,
 The often comming of this Holy day :
 And then noyse forth the burthen of their song;
 Steill to have such a *Charles*, but this *Charles* song.

To



To the Queen on her Birth-day.

UP publicke joy, remember
The sixteenth of November,
Some brave uncommon way.

And though the parish Steeple
Be silent to the people,
Ring thou it Holy day.

What though the thirsty Towre,
And Guns there spare to powre,
Their noyses out in thunder:
As fearefull to awake
The City, as to shake
Their guarded gates asunder.

Yet let the Trumpets sound,
And shake both aire and ground
With beating of their Drums:

Let every Lire be strung,
Harpe, Lute, Theorbo sprung
With touch of learned thumbs?

That when the Quire is full,
 The harmony may pall
 The Angels from their spheares:
 And each intelligence,
 May with it selfe a fence,
 Whilst it the Ditty heares.

Behold the royall *Mary*,
 The daughter of great *Harry*,
 And sister to just *Lewis*,
 Comes in the pompe and glory
 Of all her fathers story,
 And of her brothers Prowis.

She shewes so farre above
 The feigned Queen of Love,
 This Sea-girt ground upon,
 As here no *Venus* were,
 But that she reigning hère,
 Had put the Ceston on.

See, see our active King,
 Hath taken twice the Ring
 Upon the poynted Lance,
 Whilst all the ravish't rout,
 Doe mingle in a shout,
 Hey for the floure of France.

This

This day the Court doth measure
Her joy in state and pleasure:

And with a reverend feare,
Therevells and the play
Make up this Crowned day
Her one and twenty years.



An Epgram to the Queens Healtb.

HAile *MARY*, full of grace, it once was said,
And by an Angell, to the blessed Maid,
The mother of our Lord: and why not,
Without prophaneesse, as a Poet, crye,
Haile *Mary* full of honours, to my Queene,
The Mother of our Prince? when was there scene
(Except the joy that the first *Mary* brought,
Whereby the safety of the world was wrought)
So generall a gladnesse to an Ile,
To make the hearts of a whole Nation smile,
As in this Prince? let it be law full so
To compare small with great, as still we owe

Our thanks to God ; then haile to *Mary* Spring
Of so much health, both to our Land and King.



On the Princes Birth-day.

An Epigram.

AND art thou born, brave babe? blest be thy birth
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our Spring on
earth ;

The bed of the chaste *Lilly*, and the *Rose*,
What month than *May* was ever to disclose
This Prince of flowers? soon shoot thou up, & grow
The same that thou art promis'd : but be slow
And long in changing ; let our Nephews see
Thee quickly come, the Gardens eye to bee,
And still to stand so : Haste now envious *Moone*,
And interpose thy selfe, care not how soone,
And threat the great *Eclips*, two houres but runne,
Sol will reshine ; if not, *Charles* hath a *Sonne*.

— *Non Displicuisse meretur,
Festinat Caesar, qui placuisse tibi.*



Another on the Birth of *the Prince.*

A Nother Phoenix, though the first is dead,
 A second's flowne from his Immortall bed,
 To make this our *Arabia* to be
 The nest of an eternal progeny.
 Choise nature fram'd the former, but to find,
 What error might be mended in Man-kind :
 Like some industrious workmen, which affect
 Their first endeavours onely to correct :
 So this the building, that the Modell was,
 The type of all that now is come to passe :
 That but the shadow, this the substance is,
 All that was but the prophetic of this :
 And when it did this after birth fore-runne,
 'Twas but the morning starre unto this Sunne ;
 The dawning of this day, when Sol did thinke,
 We having such a light, that he might winke,
 And we ne're misse his lustre : nay so soone
 As Charles was borne, he, and the pale fac'd Mobne,
 F 5 With

With envy then did copulate, to try
 If such a birth might be produc'd ith' sky.
 What heavenly favour made a starre appeare,
 To bid wise Kings to doe their homage here,
 And prove him truly Christian & long remaine
 On earth, sweet Prince, that when great *Charles* shall
 In heaven above, our little *Charles* may be (reigne
 As great on earth, because as good as he.



A Parallell of the Prince to the King.

SO *Peleus*, when he saie *Thetis* got,
 As thou thy *Sea Queen*; so to him she brought
 A blessed Babe, as thine hath done to thee;
 His worthiest prov'd of those times, ours may be
 Of these, his had a *Pallas* for his guide,
 Thy wisdom will as well for ours provide:
 His conquered Countries, Cities, Castles, Towers,
 A worthy foe; hereafter so may ours.
 His all his time but once *Parroclus* finds,
 But this of ours a world of faithfull friends:

He's

He's vulnerable in no place but one,
 And this of ours (we hope) be hurt of none.
 His had his Phoenix, ours no teacher needs,
 But the example of thy life and deeds.
 His Nestor knew, in armes his fellow was,
 But not in yeares, (too soone ranne our his glasse)
 Ours, though not Nestor knew, we trust, shall bee
 As wise in Armes, as old in yeares as he.
 His, after death, had Homer his reviver:
 And ours may better merit to live ever,
 By Deeds farre-passing: but (oh sad dispaire)
 No hope of Homer, his wit left no heire.



An Elegy on the Lady Jane Panlet, Marchionesse of Winchester.

What goodly Ghost, besprink with Aprill dew,
 Hale's me so solemnly to yonder Yew?
 And beckoning, wooes me, from the fatall Tree,
 To p'ck a Garland for her selfe, or me.

I doe obey you beauty ; for in death
 You seeme a faire one ; O that I had breath
 To give your shade a name ! stay ! stay ! I feele
 A horreur in me, all my blood is Steele,
 Stiffe starke ; my joynts 'gainst one another knocke
 Whose daughter ? ha ! great *Savage of the Rock* !
 He's good, as great ! I am almost a stone,
 And ere I can aske more of her she's gone !
 Alas I am all Marble ; write the rest,
 Thou wouldst have written Fame upon my brest,
 It is a large faire Table, and a true,
 And the disposure will be somewhat new :
 When I, who would her Poet have become,
 At least may beare th'inscription to her Tombe :
 She was the Lady *Iane*, and Marchionesse
 Of *Winchester* ; the Heralds can tell this :
 Earle *Rivers* grand-child ; serve not titles, fame
 Sound thou her vertues, give her soule a name.
 Had I a thousand mouthes, as many tongues,
 And voyce to raise them from my brassen Lungs,
 I durst not aime at, the Dotes thereof were such,
 No Nation can expresse how much
 Their Charact was : I or my trump must break,
 But rather I, should I of that part speake,
 It is too neare of kin to God ; the soule
 To be describ'd, Fames fingers are too foule

To touch those mysteries, we may admire
 The heat and splendor, but not handle fire
 What she did by a great example well,
 T'invive posterity, her fame may tell,
 And calling truth to witnesse, make it good
 From the inherent graces in her blood:
 Else who doth praise a person by a new,
 But a feign'd way doth spoyle it of the true:
 Her sweetnesse, softnesse, her faire courtesie,
 Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
 Were like a ring of vertues 'bout her set,
 And piety the Center where all met:
 A reverend state she had, an awfull eye,
 A darling (yet inviting) Majesty;
 What Nature, Fortune, Instruction, Fact,
 Could heap to a perfection, was her act:
 How did she leave the world, with what contempt?
 Just as she in it liv'd, and so exempt
 From all affection: when they urg'd the Cure
 Of her disease, how did her soule assure
 Her sufferings, as the body had bin away:
 And to the torturers, her Doctors say,
 Stick on your Cupping-glasse, feare not, put
 Your hottest Causticks to burne, lance, or cut:
 Tis but a body which you can torment,
 And I into the world with my soule was sent.

Then

Then comforted her Lord, and blest her sonne,
 Cheer'd her faire sisters, in her race to runne.
 Which gladnesse temper'd her sad parents teares,
 Made her friends joyes to get above their feares.
 And in her last a& taught the standers by,
 With admiration and applause to dye:
 Let Angels sing her glories, who did call
 Her spirit home to her originall,
 That saw the way was made it, and west sent
 To carry and conduct the Complement
 'Twixt death and life: where her mortality
 Became her birth-day to eternity.
 And now through circumfused lights she looks
 On Natures secrets there, as her owne books;
 Speaks heavens language, and discourses free
 To every Order, every Hierarchy,
 Beholds her Maker, and in him doth see
 What the beginning of all beauties be:
 And all beatitudes that thence doth flow,
 Which the Elect of God are sure to know.
 Goe now her happy parents, and be sad,
 If yee not understand what child you had:
 If you dare quarrell heaven, and repent
 To have paid againe a blessing was but lent:
 And trusted so, as it deposited lay
 At pleasure to be sold for every day.

If you can envy your owne daughters blisse ;

And wish her state lesse happy than it is ;

If you can cast about your eyther eye,

And see all dead here, or about to dye :

The starres that are the jewells of the night,

The day deceasing with the Prince of light,

The Sunne. Great Kings, and mightiest King-
domes fall, :

Whole Nations ; nay, Man kinde, the VVorld
and all

That ever had beginning to have end ;

With what injustice can one soule pretend

T'escape this common knowne necessity,

When we were all borne, we beganne to dye

And but for that brave contention and strife,

The Christian hath to enjoy a future life

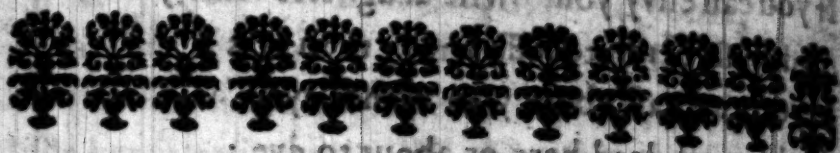
He were the wretchedst of the race of men

But as he soares at that, he bruseth then

The serpens head ; gets above death and Sinne,

And sure of heaven rides triumphing in.

ODE



ODE PINDARICK

To the Noble Sir

Lucius Cary,

The turne of ren,

BRave Infant of *Saguntum* cleare,
 Thy comming forth in that great yeare,
 When the prodigious *Hanibal* did Crowne
 His rage, with razing your immortal towne.
 Thou looking then about,
 E're thou wert halfe got out
 Wife child didst hastily retorne,
 And madst thy Mothers wombe thine Urne,
 How sum'd a Circle didst thou leave man' kind,
 Of deepest lore, could we the center find.

The Counter-turne of ten.

Did wiser nature draw thee backe,
 From out the horreur of that sacke?

Where

Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on the deeds of death and night.

Urg'd, hurried forth, and hurl'd
Upon th'affrighted world :

Sword, fire, famine, with full fury mer,
And all on utmost ruine set :

As could they but lives miseries fore-see,
No doubt all Infants would returne like thee.

The Stand, of twelve.

For what is life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the Act ?

Or masked man, if valued by his face,

Above his Fact ?

Here's one out-liv'd his Peeres,

And told forth fourescore yeeres,

He vexed time, and busied the whole State,

Troubled both foes and friends,

But ever to no ends :

What did this stirrer but dye late ?

How well at twenty had he false or good,

For three of his foure-score he did no good.

The

The second turne of ten.

He entred well by vertuous parts,
 Got up and thriv'd with honest Arts,
 He purchas'd friends, and fame, and honour then,
 And had his noble Name advanc'd with men,
 But weary of that flight,
 He stoop'd in all mens sight
 To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
 And funke in that dead Sea of life
 Too deep: as he did then death's waters sup,
 But that the Corke of title, boy'd him up.

The second Counter-turne, of ten.

Alas, but Morison fell young;
 He never fell, thou triptst my tongue;
 He stood a souldier to the last night end,
 A perfect Patriot, and a noble friend.
 But most a vertuous son,
 All Offices were done
 By him so ample, full and round,
 In weight, and measure, number sound,
 As though his age imperfect might appear,
 His life was of humanity the Spheare.

(III)

The second Stand of twelve.

Goe now and tell out dayes, sum'd up with feares,
And make them yeares:
Produce thy masse of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine Age;
Repeate of things a throng,
To shew thou hast beene long,
Not liv'd: for life doth her great actions spelly
By what was done, and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures we saw well:
Each sillib' answer'd, and was form'd how faire;
These make the lines of life, and that's her aire.

The third turne of ten.

It is not growing, like a Tree,
In bulke, doth make man better bee,
Or standing long an Oake, three hundred yeare,
To fall a Log at last, drye, bald, and seare:
A Lilly of a day,
Is fairer farre in May,
Although it fall and dye at night,
It was the plant and flower of light:
In small proportions we just beauty see,
And in short measures life may perfect be,

The third Counter-tune of ten.

Call noble *Lucius* then for Wine,
 And let thy looks with gladnesse shine,
 Accept this Garland, plant it on thy head,
 And thinke, nay know thy *Morison's* not dead
 He leap'd the present age,
 Possess with holy rage,
 To see the bright eternall day,
 Of which we Priests and Poets say
 Such truths as we expect for happy men,
 And there he lives with memory : and Ben

The third Stand of twelve.

Ionson ! who sung this of him e're he went
 Himselfe to rest :
 Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
 To have exprest,
 In this bright Asterisme,
 Where it was friendships schisme,
 Were not his *Lucius* long with us to tarry,
 To seperate these two
 Lights, the *Dioscouri*,

And keep the one halfe from his Harry;
 But fate doth so alternate the designe,
 Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth must shine.

The fourth turne of ten.

And shine as you exalted are,
 Two names of friendship, but one starre
 Of hearts the union: and those not by chance
 Made or indentur'd, or leas'd out t'advance
 The profits for a time,
 No pleasures vaine, did chime
 Of Rimes, or Ryots at your feasts.
 Orgies of drinke, or feign'd protests;
 But simple love, of greatnesse and of good,
 That knits brave minds & manners more than blood.

The fourth Counter-turne of ten.

This made you first to know the why
 You lik'd, than after to apply
 That liking; and approach so one the tother,
 Till either grew a portion of the other;
 Each stiled by his end,
 The copy of his fiend;

You

You liv'd to be the great surnames,
 And titles by which all made claimes
 Unto the vertue: nothing perfect done,
 But as a *Cary*, or a *Morison*.

The fourth, and last Stand, of twelve.

And such a force the faire example had,
 As they that saw
 The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
 That such a Law
 Was left yet to man-kind,
 Where they might read, and find
 Friendship indeed was written not in words;
 And with the heart, not pen,
 Of two so rarely men,
 Whose Lines her Rowles were, and records
 Who e're the first downe, bloomed on the Chin,
 Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest in.



To Hieron Lord Weston,
upon his returne from his
Embassie.

SUCH pleasures as the teeming earth
Doth take in easie Natures birth,
When she puts forth the life of every thing,
And in a dew of sweetest raine,
She lies deliver'd without paine,
Of the prime beauty of the yeare and spring.
That Rivers in their shores doe runne,
The clouds rack cleare before the Sunne,
The rudest winds obey the calmest aire;
Rare plants from every banke doe rise,
And every plant the sence surprise,
Because the order of the whole is faire.

The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly drest,

As all the wealth of season there were spread,
Have shew'd the graces, and the houres,
Have multiply'd their arts and powers,
In making soft her Aromaticke bed.

Such joyes, such sweets doth your returne
Bring all your friends, faire Lord, that burne
With joy to heare your modesty relate
The businesse of your blooming wit,
With all the fruits that follow it,
Both to the honour of the King, and state.

O how will the Court be pleas'd,
To see great CHARLES of travell eas'd:
When he beholds a graft of his owne hand,
Spring up an Olive, fruitfull, faire,
To be a shadow of the aire;
And both a strength and beauty to the Land.



To the Right Honourable the Lord Treasurer.

An Epigram.

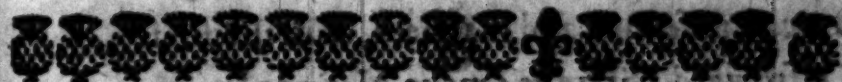
IF to my minde, great Lord, I had a state,
 I would present you with some curious Plate
 Of *Norimberg*, or *Turkie*; hang your rooms,
 Not from the *Arras*, but the *Persian Looms* :
 I would (if price or prayer could them get)
 Send in what *Romans* famous *Tintaret*,
Titian, or *Raphaell*, *Michaell Angelo*,
 Have left in Fame, to equall, or out-goe
 The old Greeke hands in picture or in stone ;
 This would I doe, could I thinke *Weston* one
 Catch'd with these Arts ; wherein the judge is wise,
 As farre as sence, and onely by his eyes.
 But you I know, my Lord, and know you can
 Discerne betweene a Statue, and a Man ;
 Can doe the things that Statue doe deserve,
 And act the businesse which these paint or carve.

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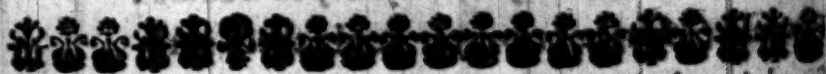


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 Can doe the things that Statue doe deserve,
 And act the businesse which these paint or carve.

What you have studied are the Arts of life,
 To compose men and manners, stint the strife
 Of froward Citizens; make Nations know
 What world of blessings to good Kings they owe;
 And mightiest Monarchs feele what large increase
 Of fame and honour you possesse by peace.
 These looke I up at with a measuring eye,
 And strike Religion in the standers by.
 Which though I cannot, like as an Architect,
 In glorious Piles and Pyramids erect
 Unto your honour; I can voyce in song
 Aloud; and (haply) it may last as long.



To Mr. Jonson upon these Verses.

YOUR Verses were commended, as tis true,
 That they were very good, I meane to you;
 For they return'd you Ben I have beene told,
 The seld seen summe of forty pound in gold.
 These Verses then, being rightly understood,
 His Lordship, not Ben: Jonson, made them good.



To my Detractor.

MY Verses were commended, thou didst say,
 And then were very good, yet thou thinkst nay.
 For thou objectest, as thou hast beene told,
 Th'envy'd returne of forty pound in gold.
 Foole doe not rate my rimes, I have found thy vice
 Is to make cheap the Lord, che Lines, the Price :
 But barke thou on ; I pittie thee poore Cur,
 That thou shouldst lose thy nose, thy foam, thy flur,
 To be knowne what thou art, thou blatest beast :
 But writing against me, thou thinkest at least
 I now would write on thee : no wretch, thy name
 Cannot worke out unto it such a fame :
 No man will tarry by thee as he goes
 To aske thy name, if he have halfe a nose :
 But flye thee like the Pest. Walk not the Street
 Out in the Dog-dayes, least the Killer meet
 Thy Noddle with his Club, and dashing forth
 Thy dirty braines, men see thy want of worth.

To *William Earle of New-
Castle* on the backing
of his Horse.

When first, my Lord, I saw you back your horse,
Provoke his mettle, and command his force
To all the uses of the field and race,
Me thought I read the ancient Art of *Thrace*,
And saw a Centaure past those tales of *Greece*;
So seem'd your horse and You, both of a peece:
You shew'd like *Perseus* upon *Pegasus*,
Or *Castor* mounted on his *Cyllarus*:
Or what we heare our home-borne Legend tell,
Of bold Sir *Bevis*, and his *Arundell*,
And so your seat his beauties did endorse,
As I beganne to with my selfe a horse.
And surely had I but your stable scene
Before, I thinke my wish absolv'd had beene:
For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
Nor any of their household halfe so well.

So well ! as when I saw the floore and roome,
I look'd for *Hercules* to be the groom.

And cry'd, away with the *Cæſarian* bread,
At theſe immortall Mangers *Virgil* fed.



To *William Earle of New-Caſtle*.
An Epigram on his Fencing.

THEY talke of Fencing, and the uſe of Armes;
The Art of urging, and avoyding harmes;
The Noble Science, and the maſtering ſkill
Of making juſt approaches, how to kill,
To hit in Angles, and to claſh with time,
As all defence, or offence, were a Chime.
I hate this meaſur'd: give me metled fire,
That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts higher
A ſwift and darling motion, when a paire
Of men doe meet like rarified aire:
Their weapons darted with that flame and force,
As they out-did the lightning in the courſe.
This were a ſpectacle, a fight to draw
Wonder to valour: no, it is a Law.

Of daring, not to doe a wrong : tis true,
 Next to despise, it being done to you :
 To know all heads of danger : where tis fit
 To bend, to breake, provoke, or suffer it :
 And this my Lord is valour : this is yours,
 And was your fathers, and your Ancestours,
 Who durst live great, when death appear'd, or bands,
 And valiant were with, or without, their hands.



To Sir Kenelme Digby, T
An Epigram.

THough happy Muse thou know my Digby well,
 Yet take him in these Lines : he doth excell
 In Honours, Courtesie, and all the parts
 Court can call hers, or men would call his Arts :
 He's prudent, valiant, just, and temperate,
 In him all action is beheld in state.
 And he is built, like some Imperall roome,
 For those to dwell in, and be still at home.
 His breast is a brave Pallas, a broad street,
 Where all heroick ample thoughts doe meet,

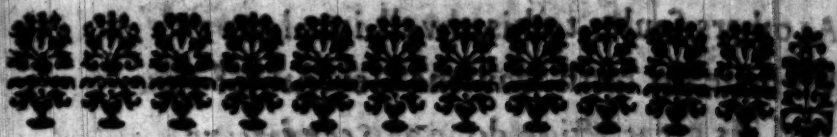
Where

Where nature such a large surveigh hath tane,
 As others soules, to his dwell in a lane:
 Witnesse his birth-day, the eleventh of June,
 And his great action done at Scanderoone.
 That day, which I predestin'd am to sing,
 For Brittain's honour, and to Charles my King:
 Goe Muse in, and salute him, say he be
 Goe Muse, be thou his Muse, when he sees thee,
 He will cheare up his fore-head, think thou bring'st
 Good fortune to him in the Note thou sing'st:
 For he doth love my verses, and will looke
 Upon them, like to some noble picture,
 And praise them too: O what a Fame will be?
 What reputation to my lines, and me,
 When he doth read them at the Treasurers board,
 The knowing *Weslon*, and that learned Lord
 Allowes them? then what Copies will be had?
 What transcripts made? how cry'd up, and how glad
 Wilt thou be Muse, when this shall then be fall,
 Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

G 4

His

Then



His Mistresse Drawne.

Sitting, and ready to be drawne,
 What make these Velvets, Silks, & Lawn?
 Imbroyderies, Feathers, Fringe and Lace,
 When every limbe takes like a face?
 Send these suspected helpes to aid,
 Some forme defective, and decay'd:
 This beauty without falsehood faire,
 Needs nought to cloath it but the aire,
 Yet something to the Painters view,
 Were fitly interpos'd, so new
 He shall (if he can understand)
 Worke by my fancy with his hand.

Draw first a Cloud, all save her necke,
 And out of that make day to break:
 Till like her face it doe appeare,
 And men may think all light rose there.

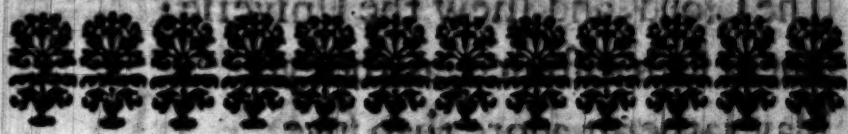
Then

Then let the beames of that disperse
 The Cloud, and shew the Universe:
 But at such distance, as the eye
 May rather it adore than spye.

The heavens design'd, draw next a spring,
 With all that youth, or it may bring:
 Foure Rivers branching forth like seas,
 And Paradise confin'd in these.

Last draw the circle of this Globe,
 And let there be a starry Robe
 Of Constellations 'bout her hurl'd,
 And thou hast painted beauties world.

But Painter, see you' doe not sell
 A Coppy of this Piece, nor tell
 Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,
 Next sitting we will draw her mind.



Her Minde.

P Ainter y^e are come, but may be gone,
 Now I have better thought thereon,
 This worke I can performe alone; w^h draw I
 And give you reasons more than one: And let
 Not that you Art I doe refuse, And then half
 But here I may no colours use;
 Besides, your hand will never hit
 To draw the thing that cannot sit.
 You' could make thist to paint an eye,
 An Eagle towring in the skye,
 A Sunne, a Sea, a soundlesse pit;
 But these are like a Mind, not it.

No, to expresse a minde to sence,
 Would aske a heavens intelligence,
 Since nothing can report that flame,
 But what's of kin to whence it came :

Sweet Mind then speake your selfe and say
 As you goc on, by what brave way,
 Our sence you doe with knowledge fill,
 And yet remaine our wonder still,

And though the found were parted thence,
 I call you Muse, now make it true,
 Henceforth may every line be you,
 That all may say that sculpe the frame,
 This is no picture, but the same.

A Mind? so pure, so perfect line,
 As 'tis not radiant, but divine :
 And so disdaining any tryer,
 'Tis got where it can trye the fire.

There (high exalted in the Sphaere,
 As it another nature were)

It moveth all, and makes a flight,
As circular as infinite,

Whose Notions when it will expresse
In speech, it is with that excesse
Of grace and musicke to the eare,
As what it spake it planted there.

The voyce so sweet, the words so faire,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the Aire:
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an eccho in the fence.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earths grossnesse! there's the how, & why?

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stucke in Clay here, it would pull
Vs forth by some Celestiall sight,
Vp to her owne sublimed height.

Or hath she here upon the ground,
 Some Paradise or Pallace found
 In all the bounds of beauty, fit
 For her t' inhabit: there is it.

Thrice happy house that hath receipt
 For this so softly forme, so freight,
 So polish'd, perfect, and so even,
 As it slid moulded off from Heaven.

Not swelling like the Ocean proud,
 But stooping gently as a Cloud;
 As smooth as Oyle powr'd forth and calme
 As shewres, and sweet as drops of Balme:

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,
 Where it may run to any good,
 And where it staves it there becomes,
 A nest of Odours, Spice, and Gummes,

In action winged as the wind,
 In rest like spirits left behind

Upon

Upon a banke or field of flowres,
 Begotten by the wind and showres,
 In thee faire mansion let it rest,
 Yet know with what thou art possest,
 Thou entertaining in thy breast,
 But such a mind mak' it God thy Guest.



Sir WILLIAM BURLASE
The Painter to the Poet.

TO paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
 And were but Painter halfe like thee a Poet,
 Bem: I would shew it.
 But in this art my unskillfull pen will rise,
 Thou and thy worth will still be found farre higher,
 And I a lyer.
 Then what a Painter's here? and what a painter
 Of great attempts? whereas his skill's no greater,
 And he a Cheater. Then

Then what a Poet's here, whom by confession
Of all with me, to paint without digression,
There's no expression.

BEN. JONSON

The Poet to the Painter.

Why though I seeme of a prodigious waste,
I am not so voluminous, and vast,
But there are lines, wherewith I might be embrast.

'Tis true, as my words freely from my head
And the whole part grows round, deform'd, and
droops.

But yet the Circle had droops.

You were not ty'd by any Painters Law,
To square my Circle, (I confesse) but draw
My superflues, that was all you law.

Which if in compasse of no Art it came,
To be described by a Monogram,
With one great blot y' had form'd me as I am.

But

But since you curious were to have it be
 An Archetype for all the world to see,
 You made it a brave peece, but not like me.

O had I now your Manner, Majesty, Might,
 Your power of handling, shadow, aire, and sprite,
 How I could draw, and take hold, and delight !
 But you are he can paint, I can but write,
 A Poet hath no more than blacke, and white ;
 Ne knowes he flattering colours, or false light.

But when of friendship, I would draw the face,
 A letter'd minde, and a large heart would place,
 To all posterity, I would write *Burlese*.



Upon my Picture left in *Scotland.*

I Now think Love is rather deafe than blind,
 For else it could not bee

That shee
 Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
 And cast my suit behind.

(133)

I'me sure my Language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet,
In sentence of as subtle feet,
As hath the wisest he,
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree,
O but my conscious feares that she my thoughts be-
Tells me that she hath scene
My hundreds of gray haire,
Told fixe and forty yeares,
Read so much waste, as she could not imbrace
My mountaine belly, and my rocky face,
And all these through her eyes have kept her care.

On a Gentlewoman wor-
king by an Haire-Glasse

Doe but consider this small dunt,
Here running in the Glasse,
By Aromes mov'd:
Would you believe that it the body was
Of one that lov'd?

And

And in his Mistris flames playing like a flye,
 Was turned into Cynders by her eye?
 Yes; as in life, so in their deaths unblest:
 A Lovers ashes never can find rest.



To the Ladies of the Court.

An Ode

Come Noble Nymphs, and doe not shun
 The joyes for which you so provide;

If not to mingle with us men,

Your dressings doe confesse,

By what we see, so curious arts,

Of Pallas and Arachnes Arts,

That you could meane no less.

Why doe you weare the Silke-worms toyces?

Or glory in the shell-fish scoyles?

Or strive to shew the grains of Ore,

That you have gathered long before,

Whereof to make a stocke

To graft the green Emerald on,
Or any better water'd stone,

Or Ruby of the Rock

Why doe you smell of Ambetgreese
Whereof was formed *Nephtus Neece*,
The Queen of Love, unless you can
Like Sea-borne *Venus* love a man?

Try, put your selves unto
Your looks, your smiles, and thoughts that meet:
Ambrosian hands, and *Liver* feet,
Doe promise you will doe.

Q D E
To himselfe.

Come leave the soiled Sages,
And the more loathsome age,
Where pride and impudence in fashion knits,
Usurpe the chair of wit:
Inditing and arrainging every day,
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious vaine
Commission of the braine,
Runne on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn,
They were not made for thee, lesse thou for them.

II. Say

II.

Say that pour'st 'hem wheat,
 And they would Akornes eat:
 Twere simple fury still thy selfe to waste
 On such as have no taste:
 To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
 Whose appetites are dead:
 No, give them graines their fill,
 Huskes, Draffe to drinke, and swill:
 If they love Lees, and leave the lusty Wine,
 Envy them not, their pallat's with the swine.

III.

No doubt a mouldy Tafe,
 Like Pericles, and Sta's
 As the Shrieves crufts, and nasty as his fish,
 Scraps out of every Dish,
 Throwne forth and rak'd into the common Tub,
 May keep up the Play Club
 Brooms sweepings doe as well
 There, as his Masters meale:
 For who the relish of these guests will see,
 Needs set them but the Almes-basket of wite.

IV.

And much good do't ye then,
 Brave Plush and Velvet men

an feed on Orts ; and safe in your scaine clothes,
 Dare quit upon your Oathes
 the Straglers, and the stage-writes too ; your Peers,
 Of stuffing your large eares
 With rage of Comick socks,
 Wrought upon twenty blocks ;
 Which if they're torne, & foule, and patch'd enough
 The Gamsters share your gill, and you their stuffe.

V.

Leave things so prostitute,
 And take th' *Alcaike Lute* ;
 Or thine owne *Horace*, or *Anacreons Lyre* ;
 Warme thee by *Pinders fire* ;
 And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold
 Ere yeares have made thee old,
 Strike that disdainfull heart
 Throughout, to their defeat:

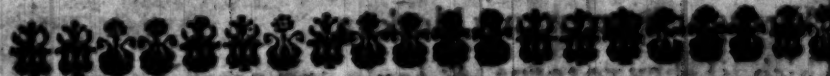
As curious fooles, and envious of thy straine,
 May blushing sweare, no *Palsie's* in thy brain,

VI.

But when they heare thee sing
 The glories of thy King ;

His zea'e to God, and his just awe of men,
 They may be blood-shaken, then
 Feele such a flesh-quake to possesse their powers,
 That no tun'd Harpe like ours,

Shall truly his the Oreste
 When they shall reach the A & of Chastles his reign
 And see his Chariot triumph above his wain



A Sonnet.

THough I am young, and cannot tell
 Either what death, or Love is well,
 Yet I have heard they both beare Darts,
 And both doe aime at humane hearts:
 And then againe I have beene told,
 Love wounds with heat, and death with cold;
 So that I feare they doe but bring
 Extreame, to touch and meane one thing.

As in a ruine we it call,
 One thing to be blowne up and fall;
 Or to our end like way may have
 By a flash of lightning, or a wave:
 So Loves inflamed shaft, or band
 Will kill as soone as deaths cold hand:
 Except loves fires the vertue have
 To fight the frost out of the grave.

F I N I S



